

Poems by Rodica Draghinescu

Translated from the French by Howard Scott

Rose

« Are you the flower named Rose, greenery embellished by God, the plant with rapturous thorns and bewitching fragrances? » a lost young man asks (himself) (at) nightfall, Poem in the street of December.

« Is it you, Flower or? » he whispers in the ear of that wilted name, pitched into a refuse bin in the street. « You're lucky, flower, » he continues, « the Greens in the government are fighting for you, they put you in their lavish lapels, they defend the consumer society and floral and vegetable remains, they love you, Rose, as they love themselves, they are happy. »

The Rose does not answer. She drops a petal on the snowy sidewalk.

« Are you the real rose or perhaps a new plant of incandescent plastic? »

The rose does not answer. She loses a second petal on the sidewalk strewn with white pebbles.

« Do you have deadly thorns, Flower? Are you poisoning my heart? »

Rose doesn't answer. She sends a yellow leaf on the trail of the grumpy young poem.

« May I touch you, Rose? »

The rose does not react.

« Flower, are you dead or am I too alone and too shivery not to see your light? Are you in this image or that image? »

The flower is silent. Poem dares to look her straight in the eye. His breathing gives the winter chills. Rose does not dare to speak about the dying of her life. Her name trembles under the wind so cruel tonight with her. Frail, her petals say nothing, only leave each other.

« Rose, don't leave me, flower! Flower, are you dead or am I too alone not to feel your breath, not to see your outline? »

Rose has her own reality. She is silent.

« Flower, who do you belong to? And for how long rosy? You're lucky, the rats and roaches brothers and sisters have not eaten you. Rose, you are a fighter. Rose, you are a rosy armed soul, Flower. Follow your future, Rose, I will call you Poemy, flower. You are my rosy companion though it is winter, Flower. Flower, do you want to marry me, Rose? You are the near past, Flower, you are the rose of summer, you are so pretty, Rose.

« Poemy, was I myself a rose flower? »

The flower lays a delicate petal in the beggar's hair. Nothing tells him to speak. She says nothing to him.

« Say yes, say no, Poemy, speak to me, say something! Enrose me, Rose.

She dies on him, on the Poem himself. Falls on his knees. And turns revolutionary, very mad and very
Other.

Amnéville, France, September 12-13, 2009

Perrault's Fairy Tale

Motto: "Don't be afraid of happiness. It doesn't exist."

Michel Houellebecq

My image bites into all summaries, all eternity.

I couldn't show you that image, it's no longer there, it is searching for someone in the prime of life.

Struck down by its own blackness, Image died last night. I couldn't imitate its death, it's instantaneous, it changes times, pink and equal, the sides of its square praise a girl praying knees in the air at the age of seven. How can I show you the girl? Flesh of internal words, she moves from mauve to black, from crocuses to lilies of the valley.

I am her white shirt, where she no longer lives, but with which she plays in the sand. Sinking in to the tip of her nose, she contributes to the composition of boreal concrete, speaking rock, between shirt and sand, making the buttons ripple: number 1, linked to negligent thought, number 2, to sentimental rustling, number 3, to the omniscient mouth, 4, tender caressing truth, glancing over the entire approaching body.

The shirt girl. And I, the jungle of buttons.

To show you that death? Day after day, its sounds grow in strength, and amplitude.

I happy sorrows and sorrow happinesses, unless the Devil jumps me.

How can I show you the "he jumps me"? That breath of, that angel huddling against my lips.

Ideal black, slightly outside white, the Devil doesn't know how to knock or stroke, hence discord of real-unreal, like the clock in a discothèque.

That reality died yesterday morning. It was my last witness. Its image lays a chick in the hurricane eyes where tears formed a Red Ice Age.

If I had to choose another death to return to the world, I would like to strangle myself with a Perrault story.

P.S. Otherwise, for the last 3 years, I have been a magically frozen red frog...

Stuttgart, October 24, 2004

BIO:

Rodica Draghinescu is a writer and translator. She writes both in French and in Romanian. She lives in METZ, France, where she has published, in addition to poetry, novels, books of interviews and literary essays. Her latest book is a poetry collection, *RA(ts)*, illustrated by engraver Marc Granier (Éditions du Petit Pois, 2012), which won the VIRGIL prize for European French-language poetry and literature from the SOCIÉTÉ DES POÈTES FRANÇAIS (Paris 2013).

Rodica has collaborated in readings of her work with Romanian, German and French actors and musicians known throughout Europe, such as Hélène Martin, Jean-Luc Kockler, Michel Biehler, Philippe Joncquel, Andrej Lazarev, Ion Caramitru, Dorothea Fleiss, Marc Granier.

In addition, she directs the multidisciplinary, multilingual webmagazine: *LEVURE LITTÉRAIRE* (<http://www.levurelitteraire.com>) and is a member of the editorial board of the German review: *Matrix*.

Key publications in French include the poetry books *Fauve en liberté* (Les écrits des Forges, 2003), *Ra(ts)* with engravings by Marc Granier (Éditions du Petit Pois, 2012), and the novels *Distance entre un homme habillé et une femme telle qu'elle est* (Éd. Autres Temps, 2001) (translation from the Romanian by Florica

Ciodaru-Courriol) and *À vau-l'eau*, (arHsens édiTions, 2006) (translation from the Romanian by Florica Ciodaru-Courriol and Rodica Draghinescu).

Publications in English include *Words, Under My Skin* (Finishing Line Press) and *A Sharp Double-Edged Luxury Object* (Cervena Barva Press).

AWARDS AND FELLOWSHIPS:

2013 : EUROPEAN PRIZE FOR LITERATURE AND POETRY « VIRGIL », CENACLE EUROPEEN & SOCIETE DES POETES FRANÇAIS, PARIS, FRANCE

2006 : EUROPEAN PRIZE FOR POETRY, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL & SOCIETY DANTE ALIGHIERI, METZ-NANCY, FRANCE

1992: Special prize for poetry, Académie de Lettres et de Beaux Arts, Bordeaux, France

1995: Special prize of the poetry festival 'Goccia di Luna', Pomezia, Italy

1996: Prize of the Writer's Union, Constanta, for debut novel ('Distanta...')

1998: Romanian national prize for poetry 'Geo Bogza'

2001: Prize of the Writer's Union, Bucharest, for the best poetry book of the year ('EU-Genia')

2000-2002: Fellow of the Academy Schloss Solitude, Stuttgart, Germany

BIO:

Howard Scott is a Montreal literary translator who specializes in the genres of fiction and non-fiction. He is a past president of the Literary Translators' Association of Canada. His literary translations include works by Quebec writer Madeleine Gagnon and Quebec science fiction writer Élisabeth Vonarburg. In 1997, Scott received the prestigious Governor General's Translation Award for his work on Louky Bersianik's *The Euguelion*. In 1999, his translation of "The Eighth Register," a science fiction story by Alain Bergeron, won the Sidewise Award for Alternate History for best short-form. He is also one of the award-winning translators of Gilles Harvard's "The Great Peace of Montreal."